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LOS ANGELES

IMITATIONS
AND TRANSLATIONS.

BY

THE REV. RICHARD PENNELL.

1855.



TRANSLATIONS

AND

I M I T A T I O N S .



*Sunt forsan duo tresve qui revolvant
Nostrarum tineas ineptiarum.*

LYME:

PRINTED BY DANIEL DUNSTER,
BOOKSELLER, &c.

1842.



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HYMN OF CLEANTHES THE STOIC,
TO JUPITER.

FATHER of Gods ! by thousand names adored,
One, underived, supreme, Almighty Lord ;
Source of all being, nature's first great cause,
Subjecting all things to thy sovereign laws :
Thee, as our Parent, we unblamed may name ;
A kindred spirit animates our frame ;
Man, of the countless tribes that people earth,
Alone is conscious of his glorious birth ;
In him some sparks of heavenly wisdom shine,
A faint reflection of the Mind divine.
To thee, great King ! my feeble voice I'll raise,
Nor cease, while life endures, to hymn thy praise.
Revolving spheres thy guiding hand obey,
Observe their stated times, and keep their destined way ;
And when impenetrable darkness shrouds
The face of heaven, amid the lowering clouds,
Wielding the thunderbolt, thy outstretched arm
Appears, and strikes all bosoms with alarm.
Unchanged by time, restricted to no place,
Thy godhead fills th' immensity of space ;

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Nothing so small that can thy sight elude,
 Nothing so vast, thy grasp cannot include ;
 One vital spirit, one pervading soul
 Informs each part, and actuates the whole.
 Where lands extend, where circling oceans flow,
 In heaven above, and in the depths below,
 Unknown is chance :—thy providence presides
 O'er all events, and every action guides ;
 The little good we do, by thee is done ;
 Our crimes and follies only are our own ;
 But yet thy wisdom with mysterious skill,
 With good is ever compensating ill ;
 With force invisible, restrains excess,
 And equal makes the greater and the less ;
 With nicest art adjusts the springs unseen
 That move the complex, marvellous machine ;
 Discordant parts harmoniously combined,
 Each in its place, perform the work assign'd ;
 And jarring elements, by thy controul,
 Compose a perfect and consistent whole.
 Thy law the order of the world preserves ;
 But wretched man from his obedience swerves ;
 Too proud to yield, too prone to choose amiss,
 He quits the only path, that leads to bliss ;
 Seduced by passion, and to reason blind,
 Another road to happiness would find ;
 Closes his eyes against the light within,
 And wanders darkling in the ways of sin.
 Some the mad love of fleeting honour draws,
 To seek their good in other mens' applause ;

Others more base, whom Riches captive hold,
 Feel no delight, but in amassing gold ;
 Others the treacherous maze of pleasure tread,
 Lured by the flowers before their footsteps spread ;
 And find too surely, when regret is vain,
 Their promised bliss but terminate in pain.
 But deign, O Father ! from thy throne above
 To view thy children with the eyes of love ;
 Reclaim our hearts, the chains of sin unbind,
 Dispel the ignorance that clouds the mind ;
 Check our desires, and aid us by thy might,
 Our wills to order by the rule of right ;
 That sovereign reason, by whose powerful word,
 Thou govern'st all things, Universal Lord !
 So may our efforts to obey thy law,
 Blessing on blessing from thy bounty draw ;
 And thou the homage of our thanks receive,
 The only gift our poverty can give.
 In heaven, on earth, above, below, around,
 Let all that breathe, one common chorus sound,
 Let gods and men through endless ages sing
 Thy praise, all-wise, all-just, all-bounteous **KING** !

ARISTOTLE'S HYMN TO VIRTUE.

VIRTUE ! our being's sovereign good ;
 The rich reward of all our pains ;
 The noblest prize man e'er pursued ;
 From which life all its value gains !

Virgin ! for thee, the sons of Greece,
 By thy transcendent beauty fired,
 Forsook their homes, renounced their ease,
 And in thy cause with joy expired.

The brave, who on thy side engage,
 Imperishable fruit shall reap,
 Excelling wealth or parentage,
 And sweeter far than balmy sleep.

For thee the progeny of Jove
 Alcides toils and hardships bore ;
 And Leda's Twins, unwearied strove,
 And dangers sought on every shore.

Achilles, for thy sake, declined
 A lengthen'd life, exempt from pain ;
 And Ajax with undaunted mind
 Past into Pluto's dread domain.

For thee Atarnea's Lord proposed
 With them a glorious race to run ;
 He reached the goal ; then gladly closed
 His eyes for ever on the sun.

His deeds and worth to future days
 The Nine shall celebrate, who love
 In their immortal songs to praise
 Friendship, and friendship's patron—Jove.

SCOLION, OR FESTIVE SONG
OF THE ATHENIANS.

With myrtle wreaths my sword be bound,
As when Harmodius gave the wound,
That brought the tyrant to the ground,
And Athens gain'd her liberty.

Wreaths, such as now my sword entwine,
Aristogiton ! circled thine,
When at Minerva's hallow'd shrine,
Hipparchus bled for tyranny.

Illustrious Pair ! till time decays,
All voices join to sound your praise ;
Your swords you durst for freedom raise,
And Athens shook off slavery.

Harmodius dear ! thou art not dead ;
To those blest isles thy spirit's fled,
Where dwell the godlike Diomed,
And Peleus' son eternally.

FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

With Gods themselves the youth may vie,
Who sits by thee and listens, while
Thy lips pour forth their melody,
And sees thee sweetly smile.

From this my mind's distraction rose ;
 Soon as my eyes upon thee rest,
 My heart a stranger to repose,
 Flutters within my breast :

Scarce moves my tongue, unheard expire
 My words, breathed out mid smother'd sighs ;
 And through me glides a subtile fire,
 And mists come o'er my eyes,

And humming sounds ring in my ears,
 My limbs, cold, damp, and trembling all ;
 And deadly pale my cheek appears ;
 I pant, I faint, I fall.

MARTIAL, B. X. EPIGRAM XXIII.

Approaching age ungrieved my Friend surveys,
 And hails the sixtieth of his natal days ;
 At each returning season can rejoice ;
 While conscience cheers him with approving voice ;
 And as along the stream of time he glides,
 His course of life unerring wisdom guides,
 And bids him contemplate without affright
 The boundless ocean, opening to his sight ;
 Thus can the virtuous man without regret
 Retrace the past, nor would one day forget ;
 Without a sigh expects the stroke of fate,
 Nor once laments the shortness of his date ;
 His years are doubled, who exempt from pain,
 In thought can live his former life again.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

SONNET.—PETRARCH.

Ov'è la fronte, ch' un picciol, &c.

Where is that front august, whose slightest bend
Had power the motions of my heart to sway ?

Where is that brow, those eyes, whose starlike ray
To cheer my path of life its light would lend ?

Where is that worth, that wisdom, Virtue's friend ?
That artless speech that spoke out for display ?

Where all those beauties, which in bright array,
Drew round my will a chain I could not rend ?

Where is that face, which like the cooling shade
Refresh'd my soul, when fainting from the strife
Of cares and passions that destroy'd my peace ?

Where dwells she now, in whose hand was my life ?
Lost to this wretched world, a desert made !

Lost to these eyes, whose tears will never cease !

SONNET. PETRARCH.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

Fiamma dal ciel sulle tue treccie, &c.

May heaven pour down upon thy impious head
Its vengeful flames, thou Wicked One ! whose thirst
Of gold can ne'er be quenched, and art the first
To fleece the starving flock, thou should'st have fed.

In thy perfidious nest was hatch'd and bred
The swarm of ills, with which this age is curs'd ;
The sot, the glutton, in thy lap are nurs'd ;
Lust is matured, and luxury perfected.

And through thy halls in gay lascivious dance
 Grayheaded men and blooming nymphs, each night,
 Are seen, exchanging many a wanton glance ;
 While Satan sits exulting at the sight.
 Thou heedest not—though sin is on th' advance,
 And God dishonour'd, and denied his right.

SONNET. PETRARCH.

La vita fugge e non s'arresta, &c.

Life wears away, and fast my days depart ;
 And death advances with a giant's stride ;
 Past, present, future, all against me side ;
 Where'er I turn, I feel affliction's dart ;

Remember'd pleasures but increase my smart,
 And hope, alas ! smiles only to deride ;
 No friend is near my sorrows to divide,
 And whisper comfort to my sinking heart.

Poor Mariner ! on life's rough ocean tost,
 Thy bark in vain attempts the port to gain,
 Her masts are shatter'd, all her sails are torn,
 Her planks decay'd, her chart and compass lost ;
 She looks—at random by the tempest borne—
 Looks for her polar star—but looks in vain.

SONNET. PETRARCH.

I vo piangendo, &c.

Alas ! for treasure ne'er to be restored,
 Time lost in chase of transitory things !
 When my affections should have spread their wings
 Above this lower world, and heavenward soar'd.

But oh ! Omniscient, Omnipresent Lord ;
 Who seest the dark designs, the secret springs
 That move my soul, forgive its wanderings,
 Strengthen its weakness, and thy grace afford.

So, though my life had ever to contend
 With wars and tempests ; and though sin disgrace
 My sojourn here—may peace await my end !
 And while I journey on, and when my race
 Shall all be run, thy succouring hand extend ;
 Thou know'st in thee alone my trust I place.

SONNET. GIOVANNI BATTISTA. ZAPPI.

THE STATUE OF MOSES BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

Chi e costui. ch'in dura pietra, &c.

What Giant Form in sculptured stone sits here,
 Surpassing all that art could boast of old ?
 His lips are moving—'tis not marble cold,
 'Tis life—his very words come o'er my ear.

'Tis MOSES—see ! the wellknown rays shine clear
On his broad front, his awful beard behold !

'Tis he, by converse with his GOD made bold,
Whose light and glory in his face appear :

Such was the PROPHET, when the raging waves

His rod divided ; and at his command

The sea returned to make th' Egyptians graves.

And you, his People ! who a Calf durst frame,

Oh ! had the idol, fashion'd by your hand,

Resembled *this*, your sin excuse might claim.

SONNET. BEMBO.

O pria si cara al ciel, &c.

Dear Father-land ! once heaven's peculiar care,

Which rugged rocks defend, and billows bound ;

Land of delight ! upon whose flower-clad ground

Proud Appenine extends his ridges bare ;

What boots it that Rome waged incessant war,

And made thee mistress of the world around ?

Now nations once thy slaves the war cry sound,

And grasp with ruthless hands thy tresses fair.

Alas ! nor blush thy very sons to stand

And welcome thousands from remotest climes,

And with thy blood behold their daggers stain'd ;

Are these the arts by which thy fame was gain'd ?

These the returns God's kindnesses demand ?

Alas ! degenerate race, and iron times !

SONNET. FILICAJA.

Italia, Italia! O tu cui feo, &c.

Fair Italy! O thou whom nature's grace
 Adorn'd with beauty in an evil hour,
 To thee of countless woes the fatal dower,
 Of which thy front yet bears the mournful trace;
 Ah! wert thou stronger, or less fair thy face!
 Then he, who urged by love now climbs thy bower,
 Threatening thy life, had trembled at thy power,
 Or turn'd with cold disdain from thy embrace;
 Nor had I seen from Alps the torrent pour'd.
 Of hostile legions; nor Po's blood-stain'd wave
 Fierce Gallic herds drink up with strange delight;
 Whilst thou, begirded with a foreign sword,
 With alien hand art destined still to fight,
 Vanquish'd or victor, still to be a slave.

CANZONET. THE ABATE BUONDELMONTE.

Spesso Amor, &c.

Oft beneath the specious smiles
 Of Friendship, Love conceals his wiles;
 Then strait assumes a new disguise,
 And Anger flashes from his eyes;
 In Pity's accents now he speaks,
 And tears bedew th' impostor's cheeks;
 Pride takes its turn; then bland and mild
 Behold a harmless, playful child.
 But Oh! whatever form he bear,
 Still for your heart he lays a snare,
 Distrust his tears, distrust his smiles,
 Love still is Love, and full of wiles.

FROM THE SPANISH.

SONNET. GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA.

Como la tierna madre, &c

The tender Mother with an anxious eye
 Watches her sick and suffering Child, and hears
 His piteous cries, that supplicate with tears
 For food, which would increase his misery ;
 Maternal love impels her to comply,
 Yet check'd by reason she awhile forbears ;
 But stronger passion soon o'ercomes her fears ;
 She grants the boon, and sees her Infant die.
 So when the baneful wishes of my heart
 With clamorous violence for indulgence sue,
 The still small voice of conscience whispers—No :
 I own the admonition just and true ;
 I see the good, but choose the evil part ;
 And in a moment consummate my woe.

SONNET. CERVANTES.

En el silencio de la noche, &c.

When all creation, wrap'd in shades of night,
 And sunk in sweet oblivious slumber lies ;
 The long sad story of my miseries
 To heaven, and cruel Chloris I recite :
 And when Aurora opes the gates of light,
 And new-born joys in every breast arise,
 With faltering voice, and intermingled sighs,
 I tell what scornful looks my love requite :

And when the sun from his meridian seat,
 With his bright beams all nature seems to cheer,
 My sighs are doubled, and my grief still grows:
 Then night returns; but not to me repose;
 My mournful task unwearied I repeat—
 But heaven is deaf, and Chloris will not hear.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

SONNET. CAMOENS.

Onde acharei lugar, &c.

Oh! for a dwelling in the wilderness!
 Where never yet the foot of man hath been;
 Some dreary cavern which no eye hath seen;
 Where bird nor beast hath ever found access;
 Oh! could I find where all is loneliness;
 Far from the crystal fount, the meadow green;
 No sun to cheer the melancholy scene;
 A spot congenial to my wretchedness.
 There would I seek the refuge of the tomb,
 And dead to every thing but sorrow lie;
 There unrestrained the tide of grief should flow;
 There in this misery time can ne'er o'ercome,
 No joyous object would offend my eye,
 But all be pure unmitigated woe.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SONNET. DRELINCOURT.

Va courir, si tu veux, &c.

Go, if thou wilt to earth's extremest bound ;
 Explore the north, the south, the east, the west ;
 Thou'lt find, that all is vanity at best ;
 All is unstable, empty, and unsound :
 Unnumber'd ills the worldling's state surround ;
 Content is banish'd from the Miser's breast ;
 Ambition never tastes the sweets of rest ;
 In pleasure's cup what bitter dregs are found !
 And wilt thou still renew the vain pursuit ?
 Nor quit the path thou hitherto hast trod ?
 Learn—'tis not here that happiness takes root ;
 Plant of celestial growth, its true abode
 In heaven ; and only those partake its fruit,
 Who give the undivided heart to GOD.

THE END.

TRANSLATIONS
AND
IMITATIONS.

PART II.

Parva leves capiunt animos.

LYME:
PRINTED BY DANIEL DUNSTER, BOOKSELLER,

1844.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF BION THE PASTORAL POET OF SMYRNA.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

—000—

Mourn, mourn with me ye forests, groves, and woods,
Ye brooks, ye fountains, rivers, lakes, and floods !
Each tree, each shrub, each flower, your loss deplore !
BION, the much-loved BION, is no more.
Anemonies, lament with drooping head !
Roses, assume a deeper sanguine red !
Now speak aloud, ye Hyacinths, the woe !
Which the sad letters on your florets show !
Increase your number, multiply your sighs,
Mourn, mourn with me, your much-loved BION dies.
Muses of Sicily begin the song !
To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

Ye Nightingales, who in the grove's recess
In plaintive notes attest your deep distress,
Fly from your bower, and tell the tale of woe,
Where Arethusa's crystal waters flow ;
Bion is dead—repeat in every ear ;
Bion is dead—the Shepherd without Peer :
With him the voice of melody is fled,
With him the song, the Doric song is dead.

Ye tuneful Swans, whose melancholy lays
 Of yore were heard, where Strymon's current strays !
 With wailing voice proclaim your grief again,
 As when ye sorrow'd for your Orpheus slain !
 Tell each Bistonian Nymph, each Thracian Maid,
 Another Orpheus in the dust is laid.

Muses of Sicily begin the song :

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

No more his voice the listening flocks shall cheer;
 No more the music of his pipe they hear ;
 That pipe, which all the live-long day he play'd,
 Stretch'd at his ease beneath the oak's broad shade ;
 But now compell'd on Lethe's banks to sing,
 He strives to melt Hell's unrelenting King :
 No more the hills resound with lowing kine,
 The herds in silence at his absence pine,
 The bulls no longer gambol in the mead,
 But stray desponding and forget to feed.

Muses of Sicily begin the song :

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

Phebus himself, dear Youth, can scarce forbear
 Thy early grave to honour with a tear :
 For thee the Satyrs, once so blithe, are sad ;
 For thee in sable is Priapus clad :
 And Pan and all his train of sorrowing Fauns,
 With bitter wailings fill the woods and lawns ;

And every Naiad plung'd in grief appears,
 And all sweet waters turn to briny tears :
 Echo within her cave laments thy fate;
 Those magic sounds she loved to imitate
 Are heard no more ; those lips are seal'd in death,
 And stopp'd for ever that melodious breath.
 The fruit unmellow'd drops from every tree,
 And every blossom fades and dies with thee :
 No more the pails with milk o'erflow, no more
 The hives their rich nectareous treasures pour ;
 Fix'd in the wax their honey none can sip,
 It mourns the sweeter honey of thy lip.

Muses of Sicily begin the song:

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

No grief the sorrow of that day surpassed,
 The fatal day, when Bion breathed his last.
 Not with more pain the Dolphin was oppressed,
 Not sharper pangs pierced Philomela's breast,
 Not in more melancholy notes she sung,
 When ruthless hands bereaved her of her young;
 Not greater grief the Swallow could display
 As o'er the mountain-tops she wing'd her way,
 Not with more anguish Ceyx' heart was rent,
 At thought of all that Alcyon underwent,
 Nor Cerylus, while bounding on the main,
 Sang to the waves in more pathetic strain,
 Not sadder were the birds' lugubrious cries
 That flutter'd round the tomb where Memnon lies ;

No tongue the wailings of that day can tell,
 When Bion bade the world a long farewell.

Muses of Sicily begin the song:

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

The little Nightingales, whose tender throats
 Learn'd by his voice to modulate their notes,
 Bewail the silence of their Master's tongue;
 And twittering Swallows join the plaintive song:
 Domestic birds and cooing Doves complain
 In hoarser tones, and speak aloud their pain.

Muses of Sicily begin the song:

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

Sweet Minstrel! to whose lips dost thou assign
 The pipe once made so eloquent by thine?
 Who shall presume to emulate thy skill?
 Who dare to breathe into those reeds that still
 Fondly retain some remnant of thy breath?
 Some feeble whisper still withheld from death?
 And Echo still devours with greedy ear,
 The last, faint, murmuring notes that linger there.
 Shall I to Pan the precious gift impart?
 Even Pan will hesitate to try his art,
 Lest all who hear adjudge, to his disgrace,
 To thee the first, to him the second place.

Muses of Sicily begin the song:

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

Fair Galatea weeps, of thee bereft :
 Oft for thy sake her native sea she left,
 And seated on the Promontory's height,
 To thy sweet music listen'd with delight.
 Not such the luckless Cyclops' lot ; in vain
 He piped, he sang,—she fled him with disdain :
 On thee she smiled, more pleased than when she sees
 Ocean's smooth face unruffled by the breeze ;
 And now for ever she deserts the deep,
 On the lone sands to tend thy wandering sheep.

Muses of Siciy begin the song :

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

With thee the Muse's choicest gifts expire ;
 No more our bosoms glow with sacred fire :
 Gone are the rubied lips, the virgin bloom ;
 And Cupids weeping hover round thy tomb :
 Venus herself indulged the tender tear,
 And fondly kiss'd thee, stretch'd upon thy bier :
 Not more impassion'd was the kiss imprest
 On fair Adonis dying on her breast.
 Resounding Meles ! most revered of streams !
 A new calamity thy pity claims ;
 No heavier blow unsparing Fate e'er gave,
 Since thy loved Homer sank into the grave ;
 His magic numbers still the heart rejoice ;
 Calliope herself attuned his voice :

And when he died, thy murmuring waters bore
 Th' afflicting news to every distant shore :
 Mourn now again for this thy younger child !
 Him too the Muses loved, on him they smiled ;
 The fame of both the world's wide circuit fills,
 And both drank largely from poetic rills :
 Bion his thirst allay'd at Arethuse,
 And Hippocrene flow'd for Homer's use ;
 Fair Helen's charms inspired his lofty song,
 Achilles' wrath, and Menelaus' wrong :
 Far other themes invited Bion's lay,
 From war, and tears, and blood, he turn'd away ;
 He sang of cattle grazing on the plains,
 The praise of Pan, the happiness of Swains,
 With skill contrived his oaten straws to join,
 And carol'd gaily as he milked his kine ;
 He strove the blandishments of love to teach,
 Th' enraptured kiss, the soft persuasive speech,
 How in the breast to light the gentle fire,
 To fan the flame and stimulate desire.
 Muses of Sicily begin the song,
 To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

In every city his renown is spread,
 And every city now laments him dead.
 Not more her Hesiod, Ascra could deplore ;
 Not more for Pindar, Hylæ grieved ; not more

By Lesbos was Alcæus' fate bewailed ;
 Not greater grief in Teos' Isle prevailed
 For her belov'd Anacreon ; not thus
 Distress'd was Paros for Archilochus.
 Not with more tears did Mitylene weep,
 When her sweet Songstress took the fatal leap.
 All who to sound the pastoral reed aspire,
 Whose favour'd lips the Muse has touch'd with fire,
 All, all the voice of lamentation raise,
 And all are lavish Bion, in thy praise.
 Sicelidas laments, whose far spread fame,
 Augments the glory of the Samian name ;
 And Lycidas, whose eyes were bright with mirth,
 Desponding now, scarce lifts them from the earth.
 On Halis' banks Philetas tunes his lay,
 While listening crowds their share of sorrow pay.
 And now, Theocritus, thy strains diffuse
 Unwonted gloom through joyous Syracuse.
 And last O Bion, may not I pretend,
 Call'd as I am thy scholar and thy friend,
 (Nor quite a stranger to Bucolic lore,)
 To swell the tide of grief with one note more ;
 May I not bring—nor thou the gift refuse—
 This humble offering of th' Ausonian muse ;
 Oh ! let this tributary verse attest,
 The strong emotions of a grateful breast !
 Those who thy wealth partake I envy not,
 I glory in my own superior lot ;

To me thou gavest this honour'd name to bear

MOSCHUS OF BION'S SONG THE ONLY HEIR.

Muses of Sicily begin the song,

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

Alas ! the flower we slight, the weed we scorn,

The lowly mallow, and the noxious thorn,

When dry and wither'd, are not wholly dead ;

Spring comes again, again they lift their head ;

But we the Great, the Learned, and the Brave,

When once we slumber in the silent grave,

Our moulder'd frames no Spring shall e'er restore,

We sleep the long, long Sleep of Death to wake no more!

Muses of Sicily begin the song,

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

It was not Nature call'd thee to depart,

Thy Cup was drug'd by some accursed art ;

Could not thy lips, those honied lips disarm

The deadly beverage of its power to harm ?

And who the wretch,—what fury seized his soul

To mix the potion, and present the bowl ?

Who heard thee speak, and could the charm withstand,

Nor drop the Chalice from his trembling hand ?

Muses of Sicily begin the song,

To themes like this your saddest strains belong.

But Justice soon or late is dealt to all,

Yet still for thee I weep, to thee I call ;

As if my voice could reach the world unseen,
 Forgetful of the gulf that lies between ;
 But yet that bourn the living Orpheus past,
 Alcides too, and sage Ulysses last ;
 Oh ! if like them unscared by spectre hosts,
 I too could venture on the land of Ghosts,
 To hear thee sing before stern Pluto's throne
 In vain attempt to melt the heart of stone ;
 But his fair Queen a kinder bosom bears,
 Address her ear with soft Sicilian airs ;
 Sicilian she, she loved the Doric lay,
 Oft would she sit to hear the Shepherds play
 In Enna's Vale, where in an happier hour
 She gather'd flowers, herself a fairer flower ;
 Nor will thy labour be without its fruit ;
 As once she granted widowed Opheus' suit,
 And listening to his lyre's sweet tones set free,
 And gave him back his lost Eurydice ;
 So now thy song, O Bion, she'll approve,
 And send thee to console the world above ;
 And if my feeble song could aid thy prayer,
 Even I to sing in Pluto's realm would dare.

B



OVID'S ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND & BROTHER POET TIBULLUS.

MEMNONA SI MATER, MATER PLORAVIT ACHILLEM.

—000—

If THETIS sorrow'd o'er Achilles' tomb,
 If even AURORA wept for Mennon's doom, *m/*
 If Heavenly Natures can be touch'd by woe,
 Then, ELEGY, thy tears may freely flow ;
 Unbind thy tresses, thy distress proclaim,
 And show how truly thou deserv'st thy name ;
 Weep for TIBULLUS, once thy boast, thy pride,
 Who spread thy glories far on every side ;
 Tibullus now consign'd to funeral fire !
 A lifeless body stretch'd upon the pyre !
 Behold the signs that Cupid's sorrows show,
 His empty quiver and his broken bow,
 His torch extinguish'd that once shone so bright,
 His flagging wings no longer fit for flight !
 From his swollen eyes the tears profusely shed
 Bathe his fair locks in wild disorder spread ;
 In dumb despair he beats his tender breast,
 And sighs and sobs his agony attest ;
 'Twas thus a Brother's feeling he displayed,
 When great Eneas in the grave was laid,
 Venus herself the heavy tidings hears,
 Wrings her soft hands, and seems dissolved in tears ;

Not less than when she saw the ruthless boar
 Had laid Adonis weltering in his gore.
 A lofty character we Poets bear,
 Are sacred call'd, and Heaven's peculiar care ;
 And Sages have with veneration own'd,
 A God within the Poet's breast enthron'd ;
 But nothing sacred Death's approach withstands ;
 All is profaned by his unholy hands :
 Ismarian Orpheus, sunk beneath his power ;
 Nor aught availed him at the fatal hour.
 The Muse who bore him, or the God his sire ;
 That brutes subdued stood listening to his lyre.
 And Linus of the same Celestial birth,
 Fell, undistinguish'd, with the sons of earth :
 To save his son Apollo strove in vain,
 And groves resounded with his plaintive strain.
 Homer, whose fame pervades remotest climes,
 From whose unfailing springs, in following times,
 Poets large draughts of inspiration take,
 Fate plunged, unpitying, in the Stygian lake :
 His song no time impairs, no flames destroy ;
 Still in his verse survives the tale of Troy ;
 And still the Web the virtuous Matron wove,
 Lives the memorial of Connubial Love :
 So in thy verse, TIBULLUS, shall the praise
 Of Nemesis endure to endless days ;
 Nor less renown shall Delia's name attend,
 This thy first love, and that thy later friend.

Alas! what boots it that with pious care
 At Isis' shrine ye offer'd up your prayer,
 With sacred rites observed her festal days,
 And struck th' Egyptian Sistrum in her praise!
 When thus I see misfortune like a flood,
 In hopeless ruin overwhelm the Good,
 I feel a strong temptation to disclaim
 All faith and confidence in Powers Supreme.
 Though thy whole life religiously be past,
 Yet Death shall be thy rich reward at last.
 No place so hallow'd from his grasp can save,
 He drags thee from the Altar to the Grave.
 In skill poetic dost thou place thy trust?
 Behold Tibullus now transform'd to dust!
 Of what was once Tibullus nought remains,
 But the few Ashes which his urn contains,
 No wonder that the Gods so oft have gazed
 With calm indifference, while their temples blazed
 Since now they see, with cruel unconcern,
 A holier Fane, a nobler Fabric burn:
 Venus indeed, 'tis said, could not abide
 Th' appalling sight, but weeping turn'd aside.
 But in our grief some comfort still is found,
 Thy ashes rest not on Phæacian ground,
 Thy native air received thy parting sighs;
 Thy tender Mother closed thy dying eyes;
 In the sad task thy Sister took a share,
 And sat beside thee with dishevell'd hair;

Delia and Nemesis approached thy bed;
 Wiped thy damp brow, and raised thy sinking head ;
 And in remembrance of their by-gone bliss,
 Each in her turn received thy farewell kiss :
 Nor from the funeral pile would they retire,
 Till they beheld the last faint spark expire.
 "Blest in my love" exulting Delia cried,
 "When me he ceased to love Tibullus died ;"
 "Why at my loss," said Nemesis, "repine,"
 "His trembling dying hand was held by mine !"
 But if when death dissolves Man's earthly frame,
 Something still lives, besides a shade—a name,
 Then shall thy brother Bards, Tibullus, hail
 Thy glorious entrance to th' Elysian vale,
 There crown'd with ivy of unfading green,
 With Calvus near him, is Catullus seen ;
 And Gallus too ; unless the voice of fame,
 Have justly mark'd him with a traitor's name ;
 These are thy comrades in that blest retreat,
 Where virtuous Souls in friendly union meet ;
 And there thy Spirit fresh delight will give,
 If Spirit can apart from body live.
 Thy mortal relics to the urn we trust,
 And may the turf lie lightly on thy dust !

H O R A C E .

BOOK 1. ODE III.

—ooo—

May Venus' Star propitious shine,
 May Helen's Brothers shed their light benign ;
 May Eolus vouchsafe to bind
 All adverse gales, and loose the Western wind !
 O Ship that dost my Virgil bear,
 Preserve the charge committed to thy care ;
 That sacred treasure safely land,
 My OTHER SELF, upon th' Athenian strand !
 Oak was his heart and brass around
 His rugged breast in triple plates was bound,
 Who first upon the ruthless wave
 Launch'd his frail bark, and unappall'd could brave
 The tumult of conflicting gales,
 Despised the Hyades, and spread his sails
 Before the Southern blast, whose power
 O'er Adria rules to raise its surge or lower.
 No form of death that Man dismays,
 Who on Sea-monsters with fixed eyes can gaze,
 That Man who can endure the sight
 Of mountain waves, and view without affright
 Acroceraunia's rock-girt coast,
 Ill famed for many a gallant vessel lost.
 In vain did Providence divide
 The land by Ocean's intervening tide,

If impious barks 'gainst Heaven's decree,
Thus dare to traverse the forbidden Sea.

But reckless of impending wrath,
Man rushes headlong on his guilty path ;

Prometheus set Jove's threats at naught,
And fire to Mortals fraudulently brought ;

But punishment was close at hand,
Consuming sickness spread o'er every land ;

And from the stolen ethereal fire,
Fevers a grisly troop new strength acquire ;

And Death who at a distance placed,
Through devious paths by slow gradations paced,

Now bends his steps the shortest way,
And hastes with rapid strides to seize his prey ;

Bold Dædalus, too rashly, tried
The vacant air with wings, to man denied ;

And through Hell's adamantine gate,
Unwearied Hercules could penetrate :

Nothing seems hard to mortal eyes,
Our mad ambition fain would scale the skies ;

Our schemes Jove views with angry frown,
Nor for a moment lays his thunders down.

S O N N E T .

IN IMITATION OF A PASSAGE IN THE DANAE OF EURIPIDES.



Sweet is the breath the morning hours exhale,
When from the East the rising Sun displays
His golden orb, and, lighted by his rays,
The dew-drops sparkle upon hill and dale ;

Pleasant the Sea unruffled by the gale !
And sweet the prospect which the eye surveys,
When Spring with flowers the smiling earth arrays,
And gentle showers with fragrance fill the vale.

But neither rising Sun, nor sparkling dew,
Nor vernal blossoms, nor unruffled sea,
Dilates the bosom with a joy so true,

As in a house long void of progeny,
Where hope deferr'd made sick the heart, to view
The new-born Infant on its mother's knee.

FROM THE ITALIAN.
 THE CAPITOL.
 SONNET.—GUIDI.

Questa, che noi miriam, mole superba.

—ooo—

Yon Stately Pile we gaze upon with awe,
 Which in its proud remembrance still retains
 Asia laid prostrate, Africa in chains,
 The seat of Mars the boast of Rome, which saw

Year after year the Car of triumph draw
 Chiefs crown'd with laurel from th' ensanguined plains,
 Where still the stamp of majesty remains,
 And Kings yet fear they may receive its law,

The fruits of peaceful conquest now displays,
 And arts, not arms, revive within its wall;
 For happier times may Italy now hope,

Since he, whose hand the CAPITOL could ope
 To friendly contests for poetic bays,
 May close the Gates of Janus once for all.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT, PAINTED BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

SONNET.—GUIDI.

Veggio it gran di della Giustiizia eterna.

—ooo—

What awful scenes these walls present to view !
 Here has the Tuscan's daring hand displayed,
 In majesty unspeakable arrayed,
 The last Great Day, when all receive their due.

I see the terror of th' accursed Crew ;
 I see in every feature pain pourtray'd ;
 These vivid colours more than words persuade,
 The tortuous path of evil to eschew.

But now I turn my eyes, and see the Blest,
 Crown'd with unfading wreaths, in joy depart,
 To take their places at the Marriage feast.

A mighty engine is the Painter's art,
 By which God softens Man's obdurate breast,
 Awakes reflection, and improves the heart,

FIVE SONNETS,

ON A RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY, AT THE FOUR SEASONS
OF THE YEAR.—*FALICAJA.*

Spring.

Eon si vago dell' orror natio.

—ooo—

So great delight in these lone hills I find,
These sylvan scenes in native wildness drest,
That here my eyes, unsatiated, feast ;
Nor can their image ever quit my mind.

How sweet to see, on some green bank reclined,
The budding trees th' approach of Spring attest,
And on the glassy stream their forms imprest,
As round their thirsty roots its waters wind !

While here I pass the remnant of my years,
To root out every sinful weed I strive ;
The rank production of a heart depraved ;

The record of past faults shall be engraved
On every tree, and water'd by my tears ;
As grows the tree, so shall my sorrow thrive.

Summer.

Ma quando Sirio le Campagne accende.

—ooo—

But when the Dog-star rages, and the fields
Scorch'd by its breath have lost their native green ;
In the dense shade some ancient forest yields,
I find from Summer heat a grateful screen.

The Sun, whose radiance hill and valley gilds,
 Regards me not amid the gorgeous scene :
 The slightest covert from his fervour shields
 An object, like myself, obscure and mean ;
 But oh ! can oak, or fir, or pine, or beech,
 Hide me from cruel Fate's all-searching eye ?
 Archer ! whose bow is ever on the stretch,
 Whether from far thou take thy aim, or nigh,
 My inmost soul thy shaft is sure to reach,
 And tipt with venom all thy arrows fly.

Autumn.

Gia stende all' Olmo la feconda Maglie.

—ooo—

Around her husband, Elm, the Vine now throws
 Her arms, with clusters laden, and clings fast
 To his supporting trunk, and thus embraced,
 Fruit, not his own, on all his branches grow :
 And now each tree not foliage merely shows,
 But fruit presents, of every hue and taste,
 Inviting all to share the rich repast,
 The luscious gifts, it lavishly bestows.
 Thus pass, with rapid flight, the days and hours ;
 But Time, prolific in mischance, has brought
 To me no other fruit than sighs and tears :
 And, though my mind with ceaseless toil has wrought,
 And borne abundantly both leaves and flowers,
 For me no mellowing Autumn yet appears.

Winter.

Ecco l' Anno già vecchio, ecco'l canuto.

—ooo—

The year grown old now shows his hoary head,
 Snow wraps his breast and rime deforms his chin;
 His scowling features I behold with dread,
 His threatening brow, and deeply furrow'd skin.
 And now the snow around my temples spread
 Tells me, my winter too is quite set in ;
 The bloom of youth, the strength of manhood fled,
 Exhort me to reform the Man within :
 And since I fast approach the fatal goal,
 My scattered thoughts I study to collect ;
 Nor longer seek repentance to defer ;
 'Tis time the call of pleasure to reject ;
 Far, far from duty's path it draws my soul,
 I err too much, if but one step I err.

CONCLUDING SONNET.

Così con saggio avviso i giorni, e l'ore.

—ooo—

Thus am I counsell'd by the passing year
 My task to finish without more delay ;
 And each succeeding season seems to say,
 Remember, Mortal, Death is ever near !
 These woods whose leaves in turn are green and sere,
 The Sun pursuing his appointed way,

The flowers, that opening with the opening day,
At noon decline, droop, fade, and disappear ;

Change and decay incessantly proclaim ;

Age makes his inroads, spite of all our care ;

Time over all asserts his power supreme ;

Nor, in his devastating march, will spare

The strong built castle, or the splendid name ;

To stay his progress, is to grasp the air.

ON THE DEATH OF CHRISTINA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

SONNET.—*FILICAJA*.

Questa che scossa delle sue regie fronde.

—ooo—

That TREE which when its leaves with time had fled,

Still with its trunk cast ample shade around,

Which high as to the Heavens it rear'd its head,

Had struck its roots as deep beneath the ground ;

That Tree, where Virtue was sustain'd and fed ;

Where Genius from the tempest shelter found,

Whose mighty branches from the Caspian spread

To that fair land the Tyrrhene billows bound ;

Fallen is that Tree,—o'ercome by its own weight ;

And crush'd beneath its ponderous ruins, lie

The humbler plants that flourish'd by its side :

It fell, as if the World had met its fate,

Scattering its massy fragments far and wide,

And in its wreck preserving Majesty.

I T A L Y .

SONNET.—*THE SAME.**Dove Italia il tuo braccio.*

—ooo—

Where is that Arm so strong of old ? and why
 For thy defence call in another's might ?
 Alike both Champion and Aggressor fight,
 For thy destruction, hapless Italy !

Is honour gone that raised thy name so high ?
 Th' imperial glories quench'd in endless night ?
 Where is the faith thou didst to Valour plight,
 Thy Friend, thy Husband, and thy best Ally ?

Go then—abjure thy former vow, and wed
 Sloth ; and though placed mid perils and alarms,
 Let not the war cry rouse thee from thy bed.

Sleep on Adultress vile, nor dream of harms,
 Till the avenging sword shall strike thee dead,
 Clasp'd unsuspecting in thy Lover's arms.

ON FAILURE OF SIGHT.

SONNET.—*THE SAME.**Mentre del viver mio tramonta il giorno.*

—ooo—

Now that my Day is drawing to its close,
 And mists already gather round my eyes,
 The things of Time Mankind so highly prize,
 Shrink in dimensions, and their beauty lose.

But as these objects fade and vanish, those
 I once so little valued seem to rise
 In price, and every moment as it flies,
 Eternity in all its vastness shows.

And as the sculptured gem to view aright,
 We shun th' intenseness of the Solar blaze,
 And hold it to a less resplendent light ;

So when the eye of flesh no more can gaze
 On worldly gauds, Heaven's glories shine more bright
 And pour the full effulgence of their rays.

P R O V I D E N C E .

SONNET.—*THE SAME.**“Qual Madie i figli con pietoso affetto.”*

—000—

See the fond Mother, while her offspring play
 About her feet, each child in turn caress ;
 On one a kiss bestow, another lay
 Upon her knee, or to her bosom press !

Her watchful eyes their every look survey
 To read the wish they know not to express ;
 And though an angry frown should seem to say,
 “I love thee not,” she loves them not the less.

So PROVIDENCE for all her children cares ;
 And comforts one, supplies another’s wants :
 Hears, succours all, with our perverseness bears :

And if her bounty for a while she scants,
 ’Tis but in kindness to invite our prayers,
 Or seeming to deny, more largely grants.

F A I T H .

SONNET.—*FILICAJA*.*Sorda, dell'aura al lusinghier invito.*

—ooo—

Lured by a cloudless sky and gentle gale,
 My fragile bark I ventured to unmoor,
 And not content with spreading every sail,
 Increased her speed by plying at the oar;

When lo ! tempestuous waves her sides assail ;
 Winds whistle ; lightnings flash ; and thunders roar ;
 Clouds upon clouds the guiding stars conceal,
 And far is every hospitable shore :

But as new Constellations cheer the sight
 Of him who navigates th' Antarctic Sea
 When the North Star is sunk beneath the main ;

So, on my heaven-bound voyage, FAITH shall be
 My new Pole Star ; and steering by its light,
 I shall not fail the wish'd-for Port to gain.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Scipio in his retreat at Linternum.

SONNET.—*QUEVEDO.*

Falter findo a Scipion Roma opulenta.

—ooo—

Though ROME no longer Scipio may befriend,
 Scipio to Rome will ne'er be wanting found :
 Let Envy boast that He whom Victory crowned,
 To her superior might is forced to bend.

Do laurels gained on Afric's shore offend?
 No more with laurel shall my head be bound ;
 Here shall I die in exile unrenown'd,
 And Rome content with my inglorious end.

I ask of none my adverse fate to heed ;
 No—'tis my prayer that at their country's call,
 Thousands be ready in her cause to bleed.

Let none with idle tears lament my fall ;
 No urn but CARTHAGE do my ashes need,
 No other epitaph than HANNIBAL.

TO ONE WHO PASSED HIS LIFE IN RETIREMENT.

SONNET.—*THE SAME.*

Dichoso tu, que alegre en tu Cabana.

—ooo—

Happy art Thou from courts and cares aloof,
 Who liv'st contented in thy humble home ;
 Whose bed of rushes and straw-cover'd roof,
 Have been thy cradle, and shall be thy tomb.

Pride at thy lone and dark abode may scoff ;
 Thou canst, to cheer thy solitude and gloom,
 The past remember without self-reproof,
 And without fear expect the time to come.

By Harvests, not by Consuls, are thy years
 Number'd, as undisturbedly they glide ;
 Ambition's noisy strifes ne'er reach thy ears.

Blest ignorance ! from which true wisdom flows,
 And as th' external World becomes less wide,
 The World within the MIND more spacious grows.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

SONNET.—CAMOENS.

Qual tem a borboleta por costume.

—ooo—

See how the Moth, deluded by the glare
 Of yonder taper, round and round it flies;
 Nor will though scorch'd at every turn forbear,
 Till quite consumed the silly creature dies.

'Tis thus, fair Maid, I fall into the snare,
 Attracted by the lustre of thine eyes ;
 Though sober reason tells me to beware,
 And sad experience fain would make me wise.

Still thy sweet smiles continue to allure ;
 The nearer I approach the more I burn ;
 But when Love urges, to resist is vain.

If I retreat 'tis only to return,
 Delighting in the torments I endure,
 And madly seeking Happiness in pain.

SONNET.—*THE SAME.**A formosure desta fresca serra.*

—ooo—

The cooling airs that from the mountain blow ;
 These lofty trees, whose shade o'erspread its side ;
 The streams that round its bottom gently glide,
 Diffusing joy and plenty as they flow ;

The distant Ocean heard in murmurs low ;
 The steers released from toil at eventide ;
 The Sun whose face the Western hills now hide,
 Still shedding on the clouds a purple glow ;

These, and the other countless charms, pour'd forth,
 In rich profusion by kind Nature's hand,
 Apart from thee, serve only to annoy ;

All seems as cheerless as the barren sand ;
 Thy presence only gives these scenes their worth ;
 And I am sad, while all around is joy.

SONNET.—*THE SAME.**Quanta incerta speranza quanto engano.*

—ooo—

Alas, what groundless hopes, what vain desires,
 What idle schemes fill up our few short years !
 Our fancied bliss, as we approach retires,
 And like an airy phantom disappears.

We trust to Life that as a spark expires ;
 False empty words receive with willing ears ;
 And all the mirth and laughter Youth admires,
 Old Age will call to mind with bitter tears.

The World is varying as the sifting sand ;
 Its friendships change, as waves subside and swell ;
 Set not thy foot upon this slippery land ;

But if in perfect safety thou would'st dwell,
 Upon the ROCK OF AGES take thy stand,
 Whose Love is as HIMSELF unchangeable.

SONNET.—*THE SAME.**Oh quanto methor he o supremo dia.*

—ooo—

Oh ! how far better than the natal day,
 Is that of Death ! which like a gentle sleep,
 The senses in forgetfulness shall steep
 Of all the ills that on our Being prey.

Then, why should Man regard it with dismay ?
 And why such care superfluous wealth to heap,
 For this frail body, which no art can keep
 From soon commingling with its kindred clay ?

Riches are not given us, but lent ; and we
 As stewards charged, God's bounty to dispense ;
 Woe to the Wretch who for himself retains

The Labourer's wages, and just recompence !
 Lighter than dust are all his worldly gains,
 Weigh'd in the balance 'gainst Eternity.

Translations and Imitations,

PART III.

SONNETS

BY MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTTI,

ALFIERI, DRELINCOURT,

&c. &c.

KINGSTON :

PRINTED BY GEORGE PHILLIPSON, MARKET PLACE.

1850.



From the Italian.

SONNETS

OF

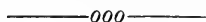
MICHAEL ANGELO BUONARROTTI.

I.

Bow'd with the weight of years, in sin grown old,
And long to evil habits firmly tied,
That day's approach I tremble to behold,
Which must for weal or woe, my fate decide.
In vain I strive, if God His aid withhold,
To find the path from which I've strayed so wide,
'Tis Thou, O Lord, must bring me to Thy fold,
And all my movements, regulate and guide.
'Tis not enough Thou dost my soul inflame
With aspirations for that mansion, whence
To dwell within this fleshly nook she came;
But, ere Thou set her from her prison free,
Grant that I may, by heartfelt penitence,
Prepare a sure and ready way to Thee.

II.

THAT for another's grief my tears should flow,
That I should cease his weakness to deride,
No longer following a faithless guide,
My soul, tho' once so proud, is now brought low.
Downcast, to whom for comfort shall she go?
In whom to raise her sinking strength confide?
Under whose banner without fear abide
The fierce assaults of her Infernal foe?
Lord, by Thy blood, Thy flesh by scourges torn,
Thine agony, Thy death, remove the load
Of sin, a weight too heavy to be borne;
Look down upon me, from Thy high abode,
And save me from this abject state forlorn,
So near to Death, and still so far from God.



III.

AT length disburdened of a load of care,
Like a frail bark on Life's tempestuous sea,
O Lord, I confidently steer to Thee
For smoother waters, and a calmer air;
The robber pardoned on the cross, the prayer
For those who nail'd Thee to th' accursed tree,
Encourage penitence and tend to free
My anxious mind from horror and despair:
My faults regard not with an eye severe,
Be not extreme to mark what's done amiss;
To my distress incline a pitying ear,
Extend Thy hand to save me from th' abyss;
Thy blood from every stain my soul can clear,
And fit me to inherit endless bliss.

IV.

WHILE sorrow fills my heart at every thought
 Of by-gone times, and conscience is sore pained
 For days mis-spent, which cannot be regained,
 The sound conviction in my mind is wrought,
 That earthly pleasures terminate in nought.
 But for a soul polluted long, and stained
 With sins so dark, can pardon be obtained,
 When only at the hour of death 'tis sought ?
 Lord, large as are thy promises of grace,
 Shall I, while still to Thee rebellious, dare
 To think repentance never comes too late ?
 Yet in Thy blood my confidence I place,
 For as no sufferings can with Thine compare,
 So are Thy mercies numberless and great.

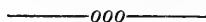


V.

IF Thou the needful virtue would'st bestow,
 Lord, with what joy should I put up my prayers ;
 For in my stony heart no virtues grow
 Spontaneously, but only vicious tares ;
 'Tis Thou the seed of righteousness must sow,
 And cherish, and mature, the fruit it bears ;
 'Tis Thou must guide my footsteps as I go,
 Through paths beset on every side with snares.
 Do Thou my mind with pious thoughts inspire,
 That, as I journey on in life, my feet
 May never wander from Thy holy ways :
 Unloose my tongue, and touch my lips with fire,
 That I may never cease, in language meet,
 To glorify Thy Name with songs of praise.

VI.

LORD! if by Thee deserted I remain,
No viler reptile creeps upon the ground;
Weary of treading error's mazy round,
Thy help I ask, the path of truth to gain.
Draw me to Thee, by Faith's mysterious chain,
Where closely linked, all heavenly gifts are found,
And break those carnal fetters, which have bound
My soul, to drag her to eternal pain.
The gift of Faith we should most firmly bind,
As a rich jewel, round the heart, for they
To whom this precious favour is not given,
Peace nor contentment in the world can find,
Nor true repentance can they feel; no key
But this unlocks to man the gate of Heaven.



VII.

LIFE's stormy sea my bark has nearly past,
And now that port is opening to my view,
Where soon, or late, all voyagers must cast
Their anchor, and account for all they do.
Long on the arts were my affections placed,
Those idols which seduced me from my true
And bounden duty; but I know at last
The phantoms man is eager to pursue.
The first and second deaths my thoughts engross,
The one, though certain, would not fright, could I
Ward off the death that threats beyond the grave.
Painting and sculpture have no power to save,
But to those arms once stretch'd upon the Cross
I now for refuge and protection fly.

SONNETS BY ALFIERI.

I.

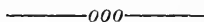
WHEN in my rural walks th' enraptured sight
Rests on the verdant lawn, the grove, the hill,
Or the ear listens to the murmuring rill,
A strong emotion urges me to write,
But fails, alas! the wished-for flame to light;
No words of potency the soul to thrill,
No glowing numbers my dull pages fill,
But only such as rhyming fools indite.
O could I, as my tongue, restrain my pen,
Or into Vulcan's lap resolve to cast
The new-born offspring of my wayward muse!
Poets in this resemble other men,
The child the best beloved is the last,
Though those of elder birth we would not lose.

—ooo—

II.—ON REVISITING FLORENCE.

OH! how delightful once again to view,
Escaped from climes where mists the heaven's
o'erspread,
Unclouded brightness, skies of azure hue,
And suns, whose beams a blaze of glory shed.

Stern Winter here assumes an aspect new,
December's snow appears not on his head,
His hands refuse the wonted frost to strew,
And flowers behold his presence without dread.
Here bounteous Arno from his ample urn
Fails not his fertilizing stream to yield,
Diffusing joy o'er fair Etruria's plain ;
And here my genius, now no more congealed
By cold Transalpine, feels its fires return,
And gladly strikes the Tuscan lyre again.



III.

OH, Melancholy ! in my solitude
Thou lov'st to take thy station at my side,
And when my mind is strained and overplied,
Its tone and vigour are by thee renewed.
He, who by thee with fortitude imbued,
Breaks from the world, to which he long was tied,
Shall with ennobling thoughts, with honest pride,
With energy of diction be endued.
And oft with thee to depths of shade retired,
In those lone scenes a secret charm shall feel,
Which souls enslaved by mirth can never know.
To thee I owe the fame I have acquired,
Thine are the drops which from my eyelids steal,
The source whence other eyes with tears o'erflow.



IV.

DAY following day, and every day the same,
 Wasted in seeing what we saw before,
 The same dull scene repeated o'er and o'er,
 Such is th' insipid thing which life we name ;
 But yet th' appalling thought that when this frame
 Shall be dissolved, we shall exist no more,
 Or apprehension of new ills in store,
 If death should fail to quench the vital flame,
 Makes us cling closer to our present state :
 Weary of life, yet dreading to depart,
 We count a hundred years too short a term :—
 Perhaps, in struggling against adverse fate
 I suffered less, because within my heart
 Freedom and honour had foundations firm.

—ooo—

V.

RETIRED within himself, the Christian sage,
 When life's brief journey is about to close,
 Reviews with pleasure each successive stage
 By which to wisdom's eminence he rose.
 Hope's brightest rays dispel the gloom of age—
 His mind Death's summons cannot discompose—
 He feels, as when the bird escapes its cage,
 Or ransomed captive to his country goes :
 And though no mortal sight however clear
 Can pierce the clouds and darkness that surround
 Eternity, he enters without fear
 The path which leads to that mysterious ground,
 Foreboding, from the peace that soothes him here,
 A bliss hereafter, which no time shall bound.

From the French.

SONNETS BY DRELINCOURT.

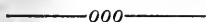
ASCEND, my soul, on contemplation's wing,
 High as the highest Heaven pursue thy flight ;
 There catch a spark of that resplendent light
 Which shrouds from human gaze th' Eternal King.
 Uncaused Himself, from him all beings spring,
 And all subsist, supported by His might :
 Man's inward thoughts are open to His sight,
 His watchful eye is over every thing.
 O God, whose love exceeds all limits, may
 The love of Thee dwell ever in my heart ;
 And as I now imperfectly survey
 Thy glory shadowed in Thy works, impart
 Thy grace, that, when I quit this house of clay,
 I may behold Thee, as in truth Thou art !

—ooo—

THE POWER OF GOD.

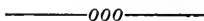
I bow the knee before th' Omnipotent,
 By whom was raised the world's stupendous frame,
 Countless in number, boundless in extent
 His works, the greatness of His power proclaim.
 He ever acts with energy unspent,
 Inspires dark matter with a vital flame,
 Suspends the earth, expands the firmament,
 Telleth the stars, and calls them all by name.

But who can comprehend the wondrous skill
 That, out of nothing, this fair fabric brought?
 Who can explain how light from darkness shone?
 What were the instruments with which He wrought?
 He needed none besides His sovereign will,
 He spake the word, He willed, and it was done.



ISRAEL IN THE WILDERNESS.

OH God! when Israel from Egypt fled
 What wonders in their cause didst Thou display;
 The sea receded, and left dry its bed;
 The solid rocks dissolved their thirst to stay;
 Heaven for their sustenance rained down its bread;
 And birds in myriads flocked to be their prey;
 Their steps by night a blazing pillar led,
 And chang'd to cloud, o'ershowed them by day;
 And in their long and perilous sojourn
 Of forty years, Thine arm their foes o'erthrew—
 They conquered by a valour not their own.
 Vouchsafe once more Thy favours to renew;
 O work another miracle, and turn
 Into a heart of flesh their heart of stone!



THE LAW FROM SINAI.

FROM Sinai's top the trumpet's voice I hear,
 Mid thunder, lightning, and consuming fire;
 In awful pomp the Lawgiver draws near,
 And dreading death, the multitude retire.
 Judge of the world, can I Thy presence bear;
 A wretch whose sins have justly roused Thine ire?

Thoughts, words, and deeds combine to make me
fear

The punishments Thy outraged laws require.
Vain would entreaty for forgiveness prove,
Vain were the penitential tears I shed,
Of no avail were efforts to remove
The sword suspended o'er my guilty head,
Unless Thy marvellous never-failing love
Had given Thy Son to suffer in my stead.

—000—

SENNACHERIB'S INVASION.

ARRAYED in battle against Salem's wall,
Assyria's monarch thus began to rave:—
“Receive my yoke and my protection crave,
Nor lend an ear to Hezekiah's call.
Where are the kings of Hamath, Arpad, all,
Who in their folly durst my vengeance brave?
The gods in whom they trusted could not save
Their worshippers, and shall not Sion fall?”
Vain man! she laughs to scorn thy impious boast:
Her God is not a god of stone or wood;
Her trust is in the Everlasting Lord.
E'en now His angel smites thy mighty host,
And soon, unsparing of a father's blood,
Thy sons shall lift the parricidal sword.

R. P.

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

FROM THE GREEK.

BY THE REV. R. P.

First, on the immortal Gods thy praise bestow !
To Godlike Heroes next due honor show ;
Nor disregard the spirits underground,
Nor break the oath by which thy faith is bound.
Observe the rites thy country's laws ordain,
Nor from th' accustomed sacrifice refrain.
Honor thy Parents—all their wishes meet—
And all thy kindred with affection treat :
By virtuous practice, steadily pursued,
Obtain the friendship of the wise and good.
Be ever ready pardon to extend,
Nor for a slight offence reject thy friend ;
If Virtue's summit thou would'st reach, thou must
Abstain from wrath, sloth, gluttony, and lust :
Whether in private, or before the sun,
All acts of baseness with abhorrence shun.
Whate'er thy wish the world's esteem to gain,
Self-reverence be most careful to maintain ;
Let justice, with despotic power, preside
O'er word and deed, and reason be thy guide :
Impress this truth most firmly on thy mind—
" Death is the sentence passed on all mankind."
Know how to turn thy wealth to proper use—
Sometimes to keep, and sometimes to diffuse.
Since from misfortunes none escape, thy share
Take without murmuring, and with patience bear ;
Yet may'st thou strive, by lawful means, its weight
To lighten, and thy sufferings mitigate.

Still, to the virtuous, Heaven its favor shows,
 And with the burden, strength to bear, bestows :
 The world, with undiscerning eyes, lets fall
 Its praise or blame, as chance directs, on all.
 Then let not praise with pride thy heart inflame,
 Nor be depressed, if undeserved, by blame.
 Grieve not, should calumny thy fame assail,
 But treat with just contempt the slanderous tale.
 Let none, by word or deed, thy mind delude,
 To do or say what tends not to thy good :
 Before thou act, consider well awhile,
 Lest folly mark the sequel of thy toil ;
 Rash action indicates a feeble mind—
 Do nothing that may leave a sting behind ;
 Know thy own power, nor ever set thy hand
 To any work thou dost not understand :
 By these directions learn to shape thy ways,
 And peace and happiness shall crown thy days ;
 Nor is it wise those things to underrate
 Which keep the body in a healthy state—
 Meat, drink, and exercise compose the source
 From whence the body draws its life and force :
 With moderation then partake of these—
 Excess is always followed by disease.
 Plain viands should thy daily meal afford,
 And luxury be excluded from thy board :
 But while I blame an ostentatious feast,
 Let nothing sordid shock th' invited guest ;
 O'er thy expenditure let prudence reign,
 But yet to be illiberal disdain,
 Run not into extremes, for 'tis confessed
 In all the affairs of life, the mean is best.
 Let not soft slumbers on thine eyelids fall,
 Till thrice to thy remembrance thou recall,
 Each word and action of the previous day—
 "What have I done?" "Where have I gone astray?"
 What left undone that duty bade me do—
 These things with strictest scrutiny review.
 Grieve for the past transgressions, but rejoice
 When conscience speaks with an approving voice.

These precepts learn, these study, these digest—
 Keep them as precious treasures in thy breast ;
 To Godlike virtue they direct thy sight,
 Enlarge thy views, and guide thy steps aright.
 With every work let prayer to Heaven ascend
 To bring thy labours to a prosperous end,
 Add to thy soul fresh vigour, and expand
 Thy mental faculties, to understand
 How Gods immortal, and frail human kind
 Are into one harmonious whole combined,
 How nature, ever one, pursues her way,
 Controls all motion, and forbids decay—
 Then shalt thou know thy wishes to restrain,
 Nor hope for what thou hast not power to gain.
 Men against fortune charges falsely bring,
 For ills which from their own misconduct spring ;
 Oh ! wretched mortals, who, tho' good is near,
 Have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear.
 As downward rolls the stone with growing speed,
 So troubles upon troubles still succeed :
 Contentions poison all the sweets of life,
 Yield something, rather than persist in strife.
 Reveal, O Jove ! beneath whose care we dwell,
 What spirit guards us, and our fears dispel.
 Take courage thou, who, nature's favorite son,
 Art taught how good from evil may be won ;
 But if some anxious thoughts should still remain,
 These wholesome precepts will relieve thy pain.
 From thy acquaintance profligates exclude—
 Choose thy companions only from the good ;
 Weigh well these maxims and the best select,
 Thy course through life's dark mazes to direct ;
 And when thy body in the dust shall lie,
 Thy soul shall mount unfettered to the sky ;
 And renovated in that blest abode
 Thou shalt become immortal as a God.

July, 1855.

Va

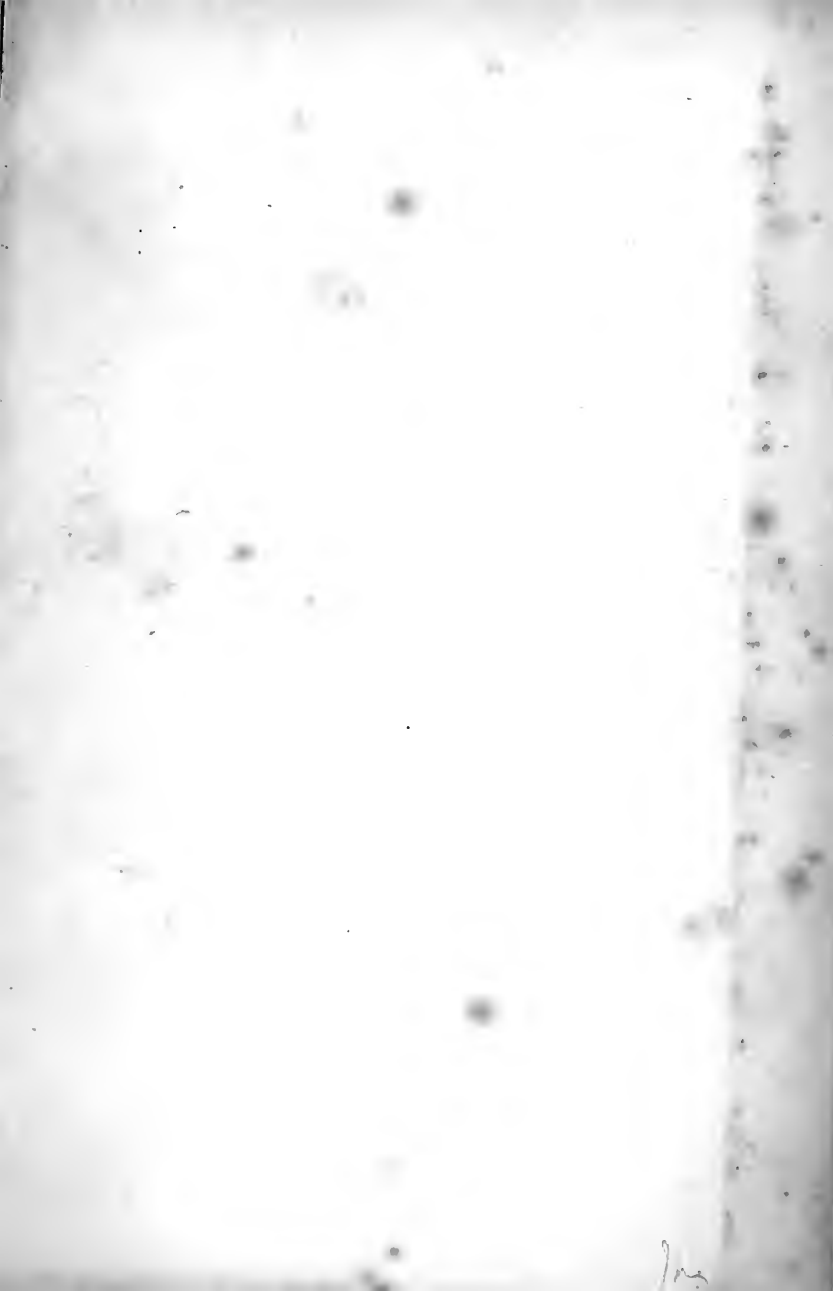
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